FLAT-BOAT LIFE ON THE OHIO.—SCENE ON A FAMILY BOAT, AT THE OPENING OF NAVIGATION.—SEE PAGE 71.

pound block—they look much better on ice than in the half-shell; and you hollow out your ice by applying a succession of hot bricks. A clear *consommé* soup; baked whitefish, with *sauce Hollandaise*, oysters or chicken *patés*, *filet de bœuf aux champignons*; cheese soufflets, salad, roast chicken, which I cover with butter and flour preparatory to roasting; sweet breads, game, French lettuce salad, sherbet, frozen pudding, a specialty of my own; crackers and cheese."

Ponder over this, ye *gourmands* and *gourmets*, and salaam at the name of Maria Parloa!

Six o'clock and to the second came the six cavaliers, faultlessly attired in full evening dress, the perfumes from the cooking range sharpening appetites far ahead of what sherry and bitters could do in that direction, while the piquancy of the fair cooks and the charms of their special dishes, foretastes of which they pressed upon their cavaliers, seemed to render the banquet even fit for the gods.

FLAT-BOAT LIFE ON THE OHIO.

DURING the past Winter there were from thirty to fifty families, comprising about one hundred persons, residing in what are known as "family boats," at Cincinnati. These dwellings are flat-boats, which, having served their original design as freight-carriers, or, mayhap, trading boats, have been purchased at a low price, and after being covered in, have become the homes of a people; occasionally they are floating still, but generally they are to be found where the high water has left them, here and there, on the river bank. A tour among these unique residences develops much that is interesting. A family boat, at its best, is by no means a comfortless dwelling. At its best it is high and dry, "shored up," so as to be level, has a tight roof, and is divided into two rooms, lighted by half-windows. Of course it is warm, for the shore is strewn with driftwood; and to be the possessor of a good ax is a guarantee of comfort from a good fire. But a good boat is not the rule, and the heavy rains, or a freshet in the river, finds them but poor substitutes for homes. There is scarcely a family without at least three children. They are all from other parts. Several are from far up the river, one or two from West Virginia, a number from Kentucky, while several have chosen this mode of living because it is economical, "no rent to pay," and in Summer time far preferable to back rooms in tenement-houses. Sometimes a family in Pennsylvania, intending to emigrate, will purchase a boat, place in it their household goods, and start down the river. Whatever their original destination, they may "beach" the boat and stay from six months to three years at some point between Pittsburgh and Louisville.

As a rule, the boats are merely places of residence. Occasionally a boat devoted to the bone business touches the shore. When this is the case, it is usually accompanied by a second craft for the use of the family—a home among the bones picked up along the shores of the river not being considered favorable to digestion.

In all these clusters of family boats there is the "Sunday-school boat," in which sermons are preached and religious instruction imparted on the Sabbath, under the auspices of some mission at the place of location. The scenes enacted at these marine colonies are similar to those with which many of our New York readers are acquainted who have visited Communipaw, Harsimus Cove, or any of the large "basins" in the city during the Winter season. With the opening of navigation the disintegrating process begins, and one by one the boats are pushed or towed away for the activities of commercial traffic.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON society takes its breathing space in this Lenten season, and the *Star's* nightly record of receptions, teas, etc., is but a meagre one. Nevertheless, there is enough doing, and enough to be done in this city of strangers and visitors and sightseers—this city of splendid beginnings, with its odd confusion of magnificence and meanness, of historic dignity and hollow respectability, and the incrust modern crudity—of vast promises and abortive performances. I, being here as a sightseer, find the days and the evenings all too short, though I am everywhere assured that "there is nothing going on—absolutely nothing," and that I ought positively to have come three weeks earlier.

There are Vandals among us who speak of removing, rebuilding, or, in somewise, destroying the good old White House—of giving our future Presidents a smart modern mansion, with all the improvements of the day. I am grateful to the gods, as I mount the broad marble steps this sunny March morning, that it has not been done so far in my time. There may be little splendor about the old house, but there is a strong, solid, spacious sort of dignity—an elegance of the old school, an intangible flavor of the stately days of Washington and the "Republican Court." But, then, we Americans are not, as a rule, appreciative of intangible influences, or the charms of association, and so, I suppose, the new Executive Mansion will come in time—somewhere about the remote era when the Washington Monument shall be finished.

Mrs. Hayes is not at home, but the President is receiving as usual from 10 until 2 P. M. With several other parties of visitors—distinct from the mere sightseers—I pass from the little reception-room up-stairs to the larger ante-chamber opposite the President's room, and seat myself in a big leather armchair to await my turn. There are a number of ladies sitting expectant, and a larger number of men in the great hall outside, not sitting expectant, but mostly stalking up and down, impatient. At intervals the Presidential door is seen to open, and a visitor to issue forth; and then the usher, crossing over to our side, utters a monotonous invocation to, "Ladies who are waiting to pay their respects," and who at once rush forward, or mysteriously summons one of the impatient gentlemen who have come, not to pay their respects merely, but possibly with invisible axes to be ground. I have an ax myself, but it is not an official or a political one. It is a long time before I am let in with it; women, as possible office-seekers, are liable to snubs in Washington; but at last I, too, take my turn to enter that mysterious door across the hall.

"What can I do for you?" asks the cheerful voice of the President, as he greets me cordially. I make known my wish to see a little behind the scenes at the White House—in the interest of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER—and meet with no hesitation in the hearty permission at once accorded. Motioning aside the secretary, who offers to act as my escort, the President leads the way, through a door on his right hand, into the private rooms devoted to the family.

They open right and left upon a great hall which runs almost the whole width of the house—a wide hall into which the sunshine pours through an immense semi-circular window with a deep old-fashioned window-seat, at the further end. A soft Turkey rug covers the floor, and furniture there are sofas and big armchairs, an old-fashioned marble-topped centre-table strewn with books and papers, and a pair of battledores, suggestive of a recent game, and an inlaid cabinet supporting a bust of Lincoln. Two large portraits face each other—Mrs. Tyler, in white satin, simpering, with her head on one side, and President Hayes at full length. On one side of this hall—itself the brightest of sitting-rooms—are the guest chambers, the children's rooms, from whose open door the smiling, ebony face of the nurse peeps out at us, and Mr. Webb Hayes's bedchamber.

"Here we gather every evening," says the President, pausing at the library-door, "and here"—hurrying past—"is Mrs Hayes's room. Here she is always to be found, and, of course, where *she* is, every one else naturally comes, too." And we step into a large, bright, sunny room, with light, graceful Eastlake furniture, cabinets and bureaus loaded with pretty trifles in china and glass and bronze, an open fireplace with shining andirons and logs laid ready, canaries singing in a great cage in the sunshine, and lounges, armchairs and window-hangings all of rich, dark, Persian-patterned stuff. On the cabinet by the window sits a great stuffed owl, as if alive. It was caught inside the unfinished monument near the White House grounds, and, dying after two or three days' capivity, was stuffed and presented to Mrs. Hayes, and here it perches, and seems to blink wisely in the streams of sunshine.

We linger a moment in the library, a great oval room, with frescoed ceiling; walls paneled in dark-green and gold, and doors and wainscoting all of black walnut. The furniture, quaint and rich, is upholstered in dark-green leather, with plenty of odd chairs to break the monotony of the pattern; low bookcases supporting pictures, busts and statuettes, and a massively-carved library-table near the window; under the huge chandelier a centre-table, whose black marble slab is piled with a delightful confusion of books, papers and pamphlets. A great globe stands in one of the doorways, and above it mounts guard a rare old portrait of John Hampden, attributed to Vandyke; near it hangs a fine half-length of Mrs. Hayes, her brunette-coloring and black dress relieved against a warm, gold background. Round the oval sweep of the walls are portraits of former Presidents, interspersed with bits of landscape and brighter color, and here by the fireplace, with its glittering andirons, stands a small upright piano in a richly-inlaid case, on which is stationed a bust of General Grant. In this cozy sanctum are held the pleasant informal "evenings" which Mrs. Hayes has made so charming through the Winter, when Cabinet officers and Senators lay aside weightier matters for a while, and consent to be charmed by the fantasias and caprices that Secretary Schurz coaxes so deftly from the piano keys—such an evening as the artist has given us a glimpse of, albeit in a silent fashion.

But the afternoon is stealing away, and, as afternoons are not to be wasted, I hurry on to fresh Washingtonian fields. The Ute delegation at the Tremont House claims my attention for the evening, and, through the courtesy of Major Andrews, who has these interesting wards of the nation in charge, I am permitted to see, shake hands with and sketch, the distinguished chieftains.

In four or five little bedrooms are ignominiously huddled together the fifteen representatives of the Ute nation, each room so pervaded and permeated with tobacco-smoke that it is difficult to distinguish one representative from another through the dense cloud. Major Andrews—evidently a favorite with them all—calls them up like so many big children to "shake hands with the ladies"; and this ceremony being duly performed, he wheedlingly suggests that the white squaw should take their portraits. This proposition, however, meets with extreme disfavor. One or two black-coated and red-shirted chiefs, who are stretched on the bed, roll over and bury their faces in the pillows with grunts of violent dissent, while Chief Augustine, a tall, stately redman, with strings of otter-skins braided in his long hair, solemnly and silently advances, and as solemnly wresting the sketchbook from my hands, tears out the leaf on which I have surreptitiously commenced a sketch of himself.

"What, won't you let the lady take your likeness for *me*?" asks the major, enticingly.

"No squaw, no squaw," replies the chief, shaking his head. "Man take picsie—good! squaw picsie no good—no, no!" And he walks into a corner and turns his back on the company.

This is the first room that we try, and the results of the call are rather discouraging; but in the next we find better success and more gallant chieftains. Here is Captain Jack, the fighting chief of the Utes, lately famous for leading the attack on Major Thornburgh; Wass and Ignacia, chiefs of the White River Utes; Buckskin Charley; and one recumbent brave, who keeps his face resolutely hidden, and never shows so much as the corner of one eye until we leave the room. Jack also refuses with scorn to be sketched, but the others allow themselves to be coaxed like children, and laugh with great glee when the pictures are shown. They are almost all fine-looking men, tall and large, with more aquiline features and a better expression than in my small experience of Indians I have yet seen; Ignacia especially has an open and benevolent face and fine eyes. They are all dressed in black cloth, with calico or red flannel shirts, and cling to such native insignia as moccasins, earrings, and long tags of otter-skin in their shiny black hair; on the wall hangs a magnificent Indian full-dress suit, so to speak—the personal property of Buckskin Charley—which is literally a mass of fine beadwork, the colors most artistically shaded and arranged.

Ouray and his wife glide in with noiseless moccasins, while I am sketching, and exchange some words with the rest, in a mixture of Ute and Spanish. The language and the voices of these Indians are singularly musical, and the tones of the woman especially have the softest, plaintive sound, while her laugh has the quality of sweetness so rare among her white sisters. She is a stout comely squaw, gorgeous in a red plaid gown and beaded leggings, her fingers loaded with rings, and her wrists with bracelets, a fashionable white canvas bag hanging on one side of her belt, and a beaded pouch on the other, which last she slaps with a burst of merry, childish laughter, when Major Andrews points it out as her money-purse. The major seems thoroughly at home with his charges, and thoroughly confident of their attachment and loyalty to himself. "They are like so many children," he says. "I would trust myself twenty years among them." And so has many another white man said, I think to myself, with a shudder as I glance round on the swarthy, stealthy faces. Jack—the least prepossessing in appearance of the whole party—moves close up to the major, and puts his hand caressingly on his shoulder. "Ask Hayes make you Utes' agent," he says, in his soft, musical voice, and two or three others grunt assent to the proposition. Five minutes after the major points out to us the newly-arrived prisoner, Henry Jim, supposed to be one of the principal actors in the attack on the Meeker family, and close beside him, hiding and peeping out round the shoulder of another Indian, like a child playing bo-peep, is Tomasa, the murderer of Agent Meeker's farmer.

The Camoens Fete in Lisbon.

THE 10th of June of this year will be the tercentenary of the death of Luis de Camoens, and the occasion is to be celebrated at Lisbon by *fêtes* of some importance. The International Literary Association has been requested to hold its third session there, the first, it will be remembered, having taken place during the Exhibition year in Paris, and the second in London last Summer. The municipality of Lisbon, as well as the Portuguese Government, have expressed their intention of receiving the association with all possible honor. The reigning king himself, Don Louis, has consented to be a member of the reception committee, and a series of *fêtes* will be given by him, as well as by his father, Don Fernando, who is president of the Royal Academy of Science. King Louis, who has already translated "Hamlet" into Portuguese, has just published a translation of the "Merchant of Venice." A vessel-of-war is to be sent to some French port for the conveyance of those members of the association who have no fears of the terrors of the Bay of Biscay; while for the seasick special arrangements are to be made with the railway companies in France, Spain and Portugal. Invitations have been sent out to representative literary men, and answers must be given before May 1st. The literary congress will last for five days, and there will also take place about the same time a congress of commercial geography, in continuation of that held in Brussels last year.

Blindness among Russian Soldiers.

STAFF SURGEON SKREBITZKY, a celebrated specialist in ocular diseases, has just published his report upon the Russian military hospitals, twenty-six of which he has inspected in different Governments of the Empire within the last few months, for the purpose of ascertaining the causes to which may be attributed the extraordinary accumulation of cases of total blindness resulting to the Russian soldiery from the invasion of Turkey. Over and above the cases of eye-diseases reported in the registers of these hospitals as having terminated fatally since the war, he estimates the number of living men who lost their sight through participation in the 1877 campaign at considerably more than 2,000. Only four per cent of all the cases in question were ascribable to wounds or injuries received in action. Ninety-six out of every hundred had been caused by lack of sanitary precautions, by dirt, insufficient clothing and unwholesome food. The tale of human suffering disclosed to us by Dr. Skrebitzky's dispassionate statistics is indeed a terrible one. Many years will probably elapse, and more than one generation of the men who took part in the tremendous struggle between Russia and Turkey will pass away, ere the real losses of the Muscovite host during the second *semester* of 1877 will be made known to the world.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Explosion in the Winter Palace.

In our last issue we gave a brief description of the famous Winter Palace of the Czar at St. Petersburg, in speaking of the last attempt upon His Majesty's life. Our present illustrations depict the scene in the cellar beneath the dining room after the explosion, with the officers endeavoring to extricate the bodies of the killed and wounded, and the private dining-room itself before the explosion. The Czar has his apartments on the first floor and in the corner of the Winter Palace that overlooks the Neva and the Admiralty. The Empress inhabits the other corner, and between the two is the family dining-room, which had, however, been deserted since the return of the Empress, the meals being served in a smaller room over the guard room. At one and six o'clock the Czar, the Czarina, and the Grand Dukes Alexis, Sergius and Paul, meet for *déjeûner* and dinner. The Czarewitch and the Grand Duke Vladimer, who are both married, have also general invitations to join the Imperial circle; but the other members of the family wait till they are bidden. Six covers are always laid, and the service is performed by three French *maîtres d'hôtel*, who relieve each other every fortnight. The effect of the explosion was to destroy the guard-room, kill and wound fifty-three soldiers remaining there off guard, break through the sides of the vaulted roof, and lift and dislocate the floor of the dining-room in two places, corresponding with the gaps in the vaulted roof below. Moreover, the dining-table was damaged, as well as part of the ceiling, and the large central chandelier was thrown down, the gas pipes being broken, and the rooms being in darkness until fresh lights were brought.

Germany and Samoa.

A German settlement was established on Samoa in 1872, and soon attained an encouraging degree of prosperity. A few years later, it is claimed, French missionaries began stirring up strife between the natives and the colonists, and the commercial business of the island almost came to a standstill. Last Fall Malietoa was elected King, and one of his first acts was to recognize Germany as the protector of the islands. As soon as this decision was made known, a treaty was concluded, and the German war vessels, then lying off Apia, fired a salute in ratification of that proceeding. England, France, Germany and the United States are now deeply interested in that section of the world, and it remains to be seen whether the new arrangement will produce the desired harmony.

Gems of the Franco-Spanish Lottery.

In the northeast pavilion of the Palace of Industry at Paris there is displayed a wonderful collection of works of art contributed for a grand lottery for the benefit of Spanish sufferers by the inundation at Murcia and elsewhere. No wonder the Spanish people are so devoted to the French, when the latter began the relief movement as soon as the extent of the disaster was ascertained. The great *fêtes*, arranged and managed by the journalists of Paris, in brilliancy and pecuniary results were almost unprecedented in the capital of gay life and generous impulses. When a handsome sum has thus been collected, and it was found that more was needed, the Government gave its sanction for the immense lottery, of which we give an initial illustration. The character of this last undertaking may be judged by the variety and class of articles composing the lots, and which may be distinctly made out in the engraving.

Professor Nordenskjöld's Return.

There was a great eruption at Naples on the 16th of February, out of Mount Vesuvius, but of popular rejoicement, the occasion being the arrival of the good ship *Vega*, containing Professor Nordenskjöld and his intrepid party, this being the first European port touched at since the *Vega's* daring and successful passage through Behring Straits. Naples was completely *en fête*, and the welcome accorded to the distinguished travelers was as enthusiastic as it was heartfelt. In the evening a banquet was given in the magnificent Hotel Royale des Etrangers, and, to mark the event with more than ordinary *éclat*, the spirited proprietor of the hotel named the new dining hall—completed for the occasion—"Vega," in graceful compliment to the sturdy vessel which battled so bravely against the terrific onslaughts of the ruthless ice king. The menu included every delicacy of the season, and the vintages ran the gamut of the "best years" all round. The engraving of a funeral in the long night of an Arctic Winter is from a sketch by one of Professor Nordenskjöld's assistants.

Asab Bay.

The Italians, who have long cast loving eyes upon the African Continent, and have for many years past been talking of obtaining a footing there by establishing a colony upon the sea coast, have at last made a beginning by founding a settlement at Asab Bay, a small port situated in the northern part of the straits of Bab el-Mandeb in the Red Sea. Asab Bay was bought by the Italian Rubattino Company from the chief of that part in 1869, and has been only now taken possession of by the Italians. In December, 1879, the paddle wheel sloop *Esploratore* hoisted the Italian merchant flag there, and the crew, in company with that of the Italian gunboat *Fucino* and steamer *Messina*, have since been landing stores, building huts, and surveying the place. Asab Bay is one of the smaller bays on the west coast of the Red Sea, lat. 13 deg. N., long. 42 deg. 45 min. E., is twelve miles long and five miles wide; the surrounding country and mountains are volcanic, the lower part of the bay is low, and frequently covered by sea-water. The northern part, where the flag is hoisted, is situated at a higher elevation, and fresh water is plentiful, though slightly brackish, the date palm grows wild, and there is excellent soil, but, like most parts of the African coast about there, is dried up, and rain seldom falls.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Winter sowings of wheat in South Russia have suffered greatly from frost.

—THE Chinese Government have decided on establishing a complete system of telegraphing throughout China.

—UNDER the operation of the new protective tariffs foreign goods are being gradually ousted from the German markets."

—IN consequence of unfavorable weather in Egypt, a large quantity of cotton must be reseeded, and the crop will be late.

—IT is officially estimated that there are 20,000 tenement-houses in New York City, and that they contain 500,000 people.

—THE Georgia Baptist Convention, representing 2,663 churches, and 219,728 members, meets in Savannah on April 22d.

—THE Wisconsin Senate has defeated a proposed temperance amendment to the State Constitution by a vote of 12 yeas to 14 nays.

—IT is reported in Berlin that negotiations will shortly be opened with all the States of Germany regarding the carrying out of a scheme for the introduction of a tobacco monopoly.

—IT is estimated that at least three hundred million dollars in gold and silver has been added to the available circulating medium of the country during the last fourteen months.

—CORPORAL punishment in the British navy is now confined to twenty-five lashes, whether the punishment be awarded by the commander of the ship or sentence of court-martial.

—A NEW Order in the Brahmo Somaj, under the name of "Brahma Sadhak," has been instituted in India for those who wish to cultivate devotion and piety without giving up secular avocations.

—SIGNOR SELLA's resignation of the leadership of the party of the Right in the Italian Chamber of Deputies indicates important changes in the constitution of parties in the Chamber. Signor Sella will probably act temporarily with the party of the Centre.

—THE German Imperial Budget fixes the revenue and expenditures for the next fiscal year at 639,252,640 marks each, and the matricular contributions of the different States at a total of 81,070,950 marks.

—THE Supreme Court of Indiana has decided that the legal name of a person consists of one Christian name and one surname, and that inaccuracy in a middle name does not invalidate a deed or other legal document.

—SIXTY million dollars is the estimated cost of the projected Euphrates Valley Railroad, which is intended to facilitate the intercourse of England with India. The road will be over a thousand miles long and will be very difficult to build.

—E. DWYER GRAY, Lord Mayor of Dublin, has declined to contest that city at the coming election for Member of Parliament, as he feared that his doing so might militate against the working of the relief committee and subscriptions to the fund.

—PRINCE BISMARCK has presented in the Reichstag a paper on emigration from Germany during 1879, showing that 33,327 persons, two thirds of whom were males, emigrated—by far the greater [illegible] the United States and British North Ame[illegible]

—A HOUSE built in 1639 still stand[illegible] Mass., and is the oldest in New England. [illegible] fully situated under heavily branching [illegible] with a moss-covered roof. Much of the original [illegible] 240 years of age, still remains, and has been [illegible] ion of one family, named Fairbanks, during all of that time.

—PRINCESS STEPHANIE, of Belgium, the *fiancée* of the Archduke Rudolph, Prince Imperial of Austria, is tall, well developed, strong, long-nosed and blonde, not pretty, but with a pleasant face. She was educated under the direction of Mme. Doytenhon, is an excellent linguist and musician, has a poetic nature and good sense, and rides well.

—OWING, probably, to the sudden thaw, several land-slips have occurred in various parts of Switzerland. Near Vully, on the Lake of Morat, 300 metres of cultivated land have glided into the water, and it is feared that a part of the village may share the same fate; and at Bellegarde, in Fribourg, several acres of wood are slipping down the side of a mountain.

—EX-UNITED STATES TREASURER-GENERAL SPINNER resides permanently in Jacksonville, Fla., and has not been out of the State for fifteen months. He is interested, but takes no active part, in the national bank of which his son-in-law is cashier, and he occupies himself in studying the history of Florida. Rows of books line his study, and a fine microscope is a prominent object in it.

—THE length of the actual St. Gothard tunnel is nine miles and 377 yards, while that of the Mont Cenis is rather more than a mile and a half less. The rate at which the rock was bored between Modane and Bardonèche amazed mechanicians a dozen years since. But the daily progress made under the St. Gothard has been more than double. The contractor agreed that the work should be finished within eight years. The actual time has been seven months less than the stipulated term. A medal is to be presented to all the men engaged in the tunnel.

—REV. DR. JOSEPH PARKER, the Congregational clergyman of London, has announced himself as a candidate for a seat in Parliament. In his address to the electors and non-electors of the City of London, he defends the candidacy of a Nonconformist minister actively engaged in pastoral duties. He thinks that so long as the existence of an Established Church requires a considerable amount of ecclesiastical legislation, there should be a number of men in Parliament whose training and occupation especially qualify them to deal practically with the religious progress and necessities of the country. The clergy have their representation in the House of Lords, but none in the House of Commons.

—For the first time in two hundred years the old turquoise mine in Chalchuil Mountain, New Mexico, is being reopened. In 1680 work was suspended on the mine, the cause being the caving in of the shaft and the subsequent death of some 100 Indians who were at work below. An attempt made by the Spanish to force the Indians to begin again and reopen the shaft led to a rebellion, and probably was one of the causes which forced the Indians to an uprising and the subsequent expulsion of their rulers from the country. The extent to which these mines have been worked may be conjectured by the vast amount of *debris* lying around the old shaft, covering no less than fifteen acres of ground. This mine is the only turquoise mine on the continent, and as the gem has always a market value, it will ere long be one of the recognized sources of wealth of New Mexico.